

AN IDOL IN COURT

Made to Serve the Ends of Justice
In a Case in Japan.

THE RUDE OF A WISE MAYOR.

This Solomon-like Official, to Whom an
Innocent Man Accused of Theft Ap-
pealed, Devised a Simple Scheme
That Disclosed the Real Culprits.

One day a servant employed by the proprietor of a big store near Japan bridge, in Yeddo, was sent with a heavy pack of valuable cotton goods on his back to a dyer in Honjo district. When the store's messenger reached Yokogawa street he was ready to seek rest. What more safe than the little grove of trees set about the stone statue of the god Jizo, the patron saint of travelers and defenseless woman and children.

The somnolent porter awoke from a nap to find that his employer's cotton had disappeared. In great distress he went to the storekeeper and confessed that he had slept and that a robber had made off with the goods during his slumber. The master would not believe his story, saying that it would have been impossible for a robber to make off with so large a bundle in broad daylight. Unless the porter should pay for the lost goods he would have to go to prison, said the master. In despair the porter took counsel of Mayor O-oka.

"You are certainly to blame for having fallen asleep," reproved the mayor. "But Jizo is equally to blame, for he is a god bound to protect every one who trusts in him, and in this instance he has betrayed you. I will have him arrested and brought before me for trial."

O-oka gave immediate orders to his court officers to go and arrest the Jizo of Yokogawa street and bring him before the mayor's seat for trial. Three of the officers departed on their mission. They first bound the arms of the stone god with coils of rope; then they tried to lift him from his firm pedestal into a cart. A great crowd assembled before the Jizo, attracted by the unusual behavior of the court officers. When they were told that Jizo had to go before the mayor for trial the citizens marveled.

The task of unseating the god was too much for the three court officers, and they sought aid of those standing about. They promised that in return for assistance they would admit all volunteer workers into the courtroom to witness the extraordinary trial. Hundreds were spurred by curiosity to lend a hand, and when the stone god went through the streets strapped to a cart like an offender the crowd grew. It filled the great hall of justice when Jizo was placed before the platform upon which sat the mayor. O-oka addressed the god in stern words.

"You are a negligent fool, O Jizo!" he exclaimed in a voice loud enough for all to hear. "You are supposed to protect every one who believes in you and who renders tribute, yet this trusting porter here made a prey to you, then fell asleep at your feet, and he was robbed while he slept. You stand accused of being an accomplice in this robbery. Have you anything to say for yourself before I pass sentence?"

Mayor O-oka waited for a few moments as if expecting the stony lips of Jizo to open in reply, but when no answer was made by the god he passed sentence immediately.

"Since you do not defend yourself I consider that you are guilty," said his honor, "and I shall imprison you." At this remarkable spectacle of a mayor passing sentence upon a stone god there was a titter of laughter. O-oka thundered in a voice of brass.

"Who are all these people standing about here?" he inquired of his court officers. "Are they accomplices of Jizo or only plain thieves? They think this court is a penny show, and they laugh at the court's orders. Shut all the gates at once!"

The scared attendants hastened to shut the gates of the courtroom. Then Mayor O-oka adjudged every man in the great crowd in contempt of court and fined each of them one tan (a kimono length) of cotton cloth. The hundreds thus suddenly found in contempt were happy that their punishment had been so light at least, and under bonds they hurried to their homes to bring back the cloth fine. Before the day was done 700 pieces of cotton cloth had been presented before the mayor's court, the name of each culprit being set down upon the one tan of cotton cloth which he presented.

Before he would allow the 700 to go, however, O-oka retired with the porter who had been robbed to an inner chamber, and he asked the porter to look over the 700 pieces of cotton cloth and see if he could identify any of them as having been once in the pack he had carried. Since every manufacturer of cotton cloth in Yeddo always marked the selva of each strip with a little red trademark stamp the porter searched the edges of the many strips of cloth for a stamp similar to that borne on the cloth of which he had been robbed. He found that two of the pieces of cloth brought to pay the mayor's fine bore the stamp of his plundered pack. Instantly Mayor O-oka gave orders for the arrest of the two men who had brought this cloth. They confessed to the robbery, and all of the cloth they had taken from the sleeping porter's pack was restored to him.—Japan Magazine.

To accept good advice is but to increase one's own ability.—Goethe.

Judge W. J. Rees, of Wedgefield, was in town Friday.

FREAK SHADOWS.

A Peculiar Phenomenon That Has a
Simple Explanation.

In the crude oil producing regions in California there are scores of large ponds of this material. After being pumped to the surface the petroleum is emptied into depressions in the earth, where it remains for a time. Later the crude oil is placed in barrels, in large metal cans or else in big reservoirs. These oil ponds are known as "sump holes."

There is one peculiar thing about these "sump holes," and that is in the way of producing what are known as "freak shadows." These are real shadows, but notwithstanding this fact they are decidedly "freaky." If the sun is brightly shining and a person stands for a few moments on the margin of the "sump hole" so that his shadow falls on the surface of the petroleum and he then quickly changes his position the dim shadow remains just where it was originally cast. In other words, the "shadow does not follow the substance."

This may seem like a paradox, but it is true. The instant a person shifts his position his shadow is again cast in a new place, yet the former shadow remains unchanged. The longer a person stands in one particular spot the longer will the former shadow be visible.

Hundreds of experiments have been made along these lines, and every time the same results have been produced. The simple explanation for this phenomenon is that under the hot sun gas is being constantly generated down in the body of the petroleum, and it rises to the surface in the form of little minute bubbles. So very small are these bubbles that they are scarcely visible to the naked eye. Millions of these wee bubbles are rising to the top all the time, when the bubbles break and the gas is liberated, passing into the air.

Both the gas and bubbles are so very supersensitive to the temperature that even one's shadow cast for a moment across them is affected. The temperature is lowered. Whenever the substance quickly changes position the shadow remains until the rays again warm up that spot and the shadow outline slowly fades away. Of course the "freak shadow" may be seen for only a very few seconds.—Scientific American.

A FLAME OF PAIN.

The Shock That Comes With the Bite
of the Electric Ant.

When you happen to sit down to rest or take notes near a colony of electric ants some wandering hunter is sure to find you and come cautiously forward to discover the nature of the intruder and what ought to be done. If you are not too near the ant town and keep perfectly still he may run across your feet a few times, over your legs and hands and face, up your trousers, as if taking your measure and getting comprehensive views, then go in peace without raising an alarm. If, however, a tempting spot is offered or some suspicious movement excites him a bite follows. And such a bite! I fancy that a bear or a wolf bite is not to be compared with it. A quick electric flame of pain flashes along the outraged nerves, and you discover for the first time how great is the capacity for sensation you are possessed of. A shriek, a grab for the animal and a bewildered stare follow this bite of bites as one comes back to consciousness from sudden eclipse.

This wonderful electric ant is about three-fourths of an inch long. Bears are fond of it and tear and gnaw its home logs to pieces and roughly devour the eggs, larvae, parent ants and the rotten or sound wood of the cells, all in one spicy acid hash. The Digger Indians also are fond of the larvae and even of the perfect ants, so I have been told by old mountaineers. They bite off and reject the head and eat the tickly acid body with keen relish. Thus are the poor biters bitten, like every other bitter, big or little, in the world's great family.—John Muir in Atlantic.

Too Smart to Be a Lawyer.

B. Davis Noxon was one of the ablest lawyers in central New York. A young man entered his office as a student and was given Blackstone to study. At the end of a month he asked Mr. Noxon what he should read next. "Do you understand Blackstone?" "Yes," was his answer. "Read Kent," was the order. In another month he announced that he had finished Kent and "What next?" "Have you read Blackstone and Kent?" "Yes." "Do you understand them?" "Yes." "Well," said Mr. Noxon, "you had better go at some other business; you are too smart to be a lawyer."—Boston Herald.

The Rajahs of Bustar.

The rajahs of Bustar are hybrid rajputs, claiming to be of the family of the moon, and have reigned in Bustar for between five and six hundred years. The family bears the name of Rathpota, and every year the rajah has to sit on the path at the festival of the Dusseerah wearing the jewels of the goddess Danteshwarra, the tutelary goddess of the state, which are brought from Dantawara temple for the purpose.

"Save for the jewels he is clad only in wreaths of flowers," says a writer in the Wide World, "and when we saw him he looked very sokan—almost ashamed of himself—as he passed us."

"In connection with this ceremony there used to be a brutal custom of dragging the path, a huge sort of juggernaut car weighing many tons, over the bodies of live buffaloes, often only partly killing them."

"This horrible practice was stopped by British officials."

Mr. Laval Jackson, of Claremont, was in town Friday.

THE HENPECKED CLUB.

Queer Methods of a Queer Society in
Lancashire, England.

Of all the queer clubs that exist in the world you will find some of the queerest in Lancashire, England. One of these is called the Henpecked club. As the title indicates, its members are all males, and you can come across a club in almost every Lancashire town of any size.

The meetings are held, as a rule, in some bar parlor, and the discussions are about members and often non-members who have the reputation of being henpecked. When evidence has been brought to show that a particular man has allowed himself to come under his wife's thumb they tax him with it in the place of meeting. The president delivers a lecture on the danger of a husband permitting his wife to usurp his position as master, and when the others have indorsed his remarks the person to whom the speeches are addressed is warned that if he continues to stand the henpecking he will be made the subject of a demonstration.

The announcement that a "henpecked" club demonstration is to take place is received in the district with mixed feelings. The men applaud it, and the local police, recalling similar displays that led to trouble, become a little anxious. On the evening appointed the members of the club meet at a public house, where they arm themselves with all kinds of household utensils; then, led by concertina players or a tin whistle band, they start out and march along the crowded streets of the district.

One man carries a broom, another a swab, a third a shovel or a coal scuttle or a fender or a poker. Fire tongs, blacklead brushes, washtubs, buckets—everything used in the home, in fact—is carried shoulder high. As they march along to the music in front and the discordant clanging of their baggage they sing snatches of songs in which the name of the victim occurs often.

The mission of the verses, which have been specially composed for the occasion by a local poet, is to hold up the henpecked one to ridicule, the reason for the demonstrators bearing the household goods being, of course, to remind him that, having fallen under petticoat government, he will quickly become the slavey.

When they reach the cottage where their victim resides they form a circle in front of the door and sing and clang their fenders and coal scuttles more loudly than ever.

The man inside is invoked by the president during a halt in the program to "be a man" and join his brethren. Sometimes if he looks upon the affair as more of a joke than anything else he does their bidding, and they reform and march to headquarters with him at their head. Usually, however, his wife appears instead with a bucket of soapy water, which she promptly throws over the demonstrators, or she quickly causes a clearance with a hose pipe.

To the onlooker it is just an exhibition for laughter and nothing more, but behind the scenes there is generally a lot of trouble and heartaching. A good number of these "henpecked" demonstrations have sequels in police courts. Sometimes it is an enraged victim being charged with assaulting a demonstrator, but more often than not the sequel shows a wife appealing to the magistrate for a separation order.—London Tit-Bits.

FAMOUS NOVELISTS.

What Some of Them Did Before They
Took to Writing.

Among those novelists who studied law we have Fielding, Scott, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Blackmore, Washington Irving, George Meredith, Robert Grant, Henry James, Anthony Hope, Rider Haggard and Owen Wister. Journalism, which Mr. Kipling once defined as the one legitimate branch of the profession, is represented by Dickens, David Christie Murray, William Black, J. M. Barrie, Marlon Crawford, George W. Cable, Stephen Crane, George Barr McCutcheon, Frank Norris, Richard Harding Davis and David Graham Phillips. The navy and merchant marine have given us Smollet, Captain Marryat, Fenimore Cooper, Clark Russell, Joseph Conrad and Morgan Robertson. Artists and architects include Thackeray, Du Maurier, Hopkinson Smith, Robert Chambers, Thomas Hardy and William J. Locke. Medicine and theology are not so well represented. Under the former head we recall for the moment only Smollet (naval surgeon), Holmes, S. Weir Mitchell and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, under the latter, Sterne, Charles Kingsley, Henry van Dyke, Edward Everett Hale, Ian Maclaren, Ralph Connor and Thomas Dixon. College professors who have either given up their chairs to become novelists or have found time for occasional novels in the midst of their other duties are Sir Walter Besant, Robert Herrick and Brander Matthews.—Bookman.

Keeping the Actors Clean.

Some years ago, when playing in Leeds, I started a swimming competition among the members of my company and to encourage them offered as a prize a silver loving cup (won, by the way, by the late Edward Lonn). The event apparently created some interest in the town, and a friend heard two men engage in a discussion as follows:

First Man—I say, durst to know this 'ere Terry's given a coop to best swimmer I company?

Second Man—Aye. What's that for? First Man—Oh, I suppose it's to keep them play actors clean.—Edward Terry in Era Annual.

Mr. F. H. Williams, of Stateburg, was in the city Friday.

TORTURE BY WATER.

The Third Degree in Sorcery Cases in
Louis XIV's Time.

One of the methods adopted by Louis XIV. to purge his kingdom of sorcery was the "question ordinary." This, according to G. Duval in "Shadows of Old Paris," consisted in having ten pints of water poured into the body.

"The executioner placed the prisoner in a recumbent position, firmly tied upon a table. A block was slipped under the joints, so that the chest and stomach were thrown outward and upward, while the contents of a measure of two pints were forced by means of a hose down the victim's mouth. If he resisted his nose was held until he opened his teeth to breathe. After every two pint measure he was given a few seconds' rest and the opportunity to confess. If he continued his denial the question was reapplied until the whole ten pints had been consumed."

"In the 'question extraordinary' the quantity administered was augmented to twenty pints. The swelling caused by this unnatural amount of liquid in the body produced the most acute agony."

Knew the Risks.

Chloe, a huge black cook of middle age, came to her mistress one day with the announcement that she was about to be married. "Regretting the loss of an excellent cook and having real interest in Chloe's welfare, her mistress said:

"I hope, Chloe, you appreciate the fact that marriage is a serious thing and you have considered carefully in regard to the step you are about to take. Marriage brings great responsibility."

"'Deed it does, ma'am!" said Chloe, with emphasis. "I reckon I knows, fo' I's been mah'ied fo' times. I knows just what reeks yo' takes when yo' done git mah'ied. My last divo'ce cost me twenty-five dollars, but I made him pay half of it. Yo' nevah know what yo' is gittin' into when yo' gits mah'ied."—Washington Star.

Ruins of Yucatan.

The explorations of Arthur Dlosy in Yucatan brought to light many new facts about the stupendous ruins which stretch through the country in a chain 300 miles long. The most amazing thing about these ruins, according to Mr. Dlosy, is that the people who possessed such high architectural skill and the knowledge of rich and graceful decorative arts, belonged to the stone age and had no knowledge of metals. These ruins in stone were carved with flint implements and a civilization which has been compared to that of Egypt grew up without even the use of bronze and iron.

Her Bridge Prize.

A decided coldness between two women who had been friends for many years is the result of a mistake made by the maid of one of them who had had a four table bridge party one afternoon recently. In keeping with the custom, she had provided a prize for each table, to be brought to the card room just before tea was served and placed on the tables which bore the corresponding numbers. It was a "lovely party" in every respect, with never a hitch until the woman at No. 3 opened the parcel which was supposed to contain her trophy of victory over her three competitors, but which really contained a piece of perfumed soap. Unfortunately, the hostess was not in the group when the package was opened, and much had been said before she discovered that the wrong bundle had been brought downstairs.—New York Tribune.

The Battle of a Week.

The battle of a week was the great conflict at Tours in which Charles Martel overthrew the Saracens, A. D. 732. The members of the Saracen army are variously estimated at from 400,000 to 700,000, and the historians say that 375,000 were killed on the field. It is suspected that these figures are a gross exaggeration, but it is certain that few battles of history have been either so bloody or so decisive.

In the Mining Business.

"I think you said, Rastus, that you had a brother in the mining business in the west?"

"Yeh, boss, that's right."

"What kind of mining—gold mining, silver mining, copper mining?"

"No, sah, none o' those; calcimining."—Everybody's.

The Angel.

Wife—I am trimming up last year's hat to save the cost of a new one! Hubby—How good of you! You're a perfect little angel! Wife—Am I? Then give me \$10 to buy wings.

His Impression.

Mrs. Knicker—Now, will you remember everything, John? Knicker—Yep. I'm to turn the flowers out at night and sprinkle the cat.—Harper's Bazar.

He Was Considerate.

She—I should like that lovely pearl necklace. Look what beauties they are. He—It's better not to have such large pearls, my dear. People always think they are false.—Journal Amusant.

Marriage.

"Marriage," said the serious man, "is an education in itself."

"Yes," commented old Grouch, "it teaches you what not to do after you have done it."—Boston Transcript.

Love of our neighbor is the only door out of the dungeon of self.—MacDonald.

Miss Boykin is visiting the family of Mr. R. L. Manning.

A BLOOD TAX.

Payment by a French Town to Spain
For an Ancient Crime.

Seven hundred years ago some shepherds of the valley of Roncal, in Navarre, were murdered by shepherds of the valley of Baretan, in Bearn, the crime taking place on the high pasture lands of Arlas, in the Pyrenees. It would have been difficult to bring the murderers individually to justice, and the Spaniards were preparing to make war upon the valley from which the French murderers had come when the French villages proposed that peace be maintained at the price of a yearly tax or tribute, to endure for all time, and this proposition was accepted.

The payment of this blood tax—originally three white mares, but later three cows of a particular breed and color—has been made ever since, the custom (it is nothing more) having survived even the great wars in which both France and Spain have engaged and the storm of the French revolution.

Yearly the representative men of the two valleys meet on the frontier at a certain stone remote from any town and go through the ceremony of presenting and receiving the cattle. The order of procedure, which is elaborate and impressive, is fixed by a document bearing the date 1375, though the tax was paid a hundred years prior to that time. The records of each yearly meeting and payment are duly attested and deposited in the archives of the Roncalais.—New York Tribune.

The Sanity of Paris.

The French live within their means and by a sense of economy wholly unknown to us manage to save and retire to enjoy whatever fortune has stored up for them, says F. Berkeley Smith in Success Magazine. To them France is sufficient. They voyage rarely and gamble less. The spend-thrift or the man who plunges on the bourse, the races and the gaming table is regarded by the masses in the light of a rogue and a fool. The Parisians work hard enough for their leisure, but they never eliminate it nor allow their work to encroach upon their traditional daily vacation, as luncheon, the aperitif hour, dinner and fete days. They work, not to amass millions and die in harness, but to save enough to give their daughter her dot, without which she may never marry; start their son in his chosen trade and have enough income left to retire before they are too old to enjoy their freedom.

Old and Modern Customs.

Palm Sunday in certain places is called "Fig Sunday" from the custom of eating figs on this day, as snapdragons on Christmas eve, plum pudding on Christmas day, oranges and barley sugar on St. Valentine's eve, pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, salt codfish on Ash Wednesday, frumenty on "Mothering Sunday" (mid-Lent), cross buns on Good Friday, gooseberry tart on Whitsunday, goose on Michaelmas day, nuts on Allhallowes, and so on.—New York American.

The Jekyll and Hyde Idea.

"I was in Stevenson's company," says Charles Brookfield in "Random Reminiscences," "at the moment that he conceived the germ of the idea of 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.' He was inveighing against a man with whom he had done business and with whom he was dissatisfied. The man's name was Samuel Creggan, or something like it. 'He's a man who trades on the Samuel,' Stevenson declared. 'He receives you with Samuel's smile on his face, with the gesture of Samuel he invites you into a chair, with Samuel's eyes cast down in self deprecation he tells you how well satisfied his clients have always been with his dealings, but every now and again you catch a glimpse of the Creggan peeping out like a white ferret. Creggan's the real man; Samuel's only superficial.'"

Chippendale's Own.

"Is it genuine Chippendale?"

"Absolutely, sir."

"But this looks like a crack right across!"

"Done by Chippendale himself, sir, in a fit of rage when he heard the union had called the men out."—London Punch.

The Other Was Important.

"Two great desires of my life have been gratified. One was to go up in an airship."

"And the other?"

"To get safely back to earth."—Exchange.

Surveying Land.

The art of land surveying owes its origin to the fact that the Egyptians were unable to keep permanent monuments on land which was overflowed every year by the Nile. Under such circumstances it became necessary to have some means of reidentifying the various pieces of land. The instruments and mathematical methods of astronomy, with suitable modifications, were used by the Egyptians for land surveying.

The Art of Embalming.

The modern embalmers have not recovered the secret of the art as practiced by the old Egyptians and probably never will. Some of the bodies known to us as "mummies" buried 3,000 or 4,000 years ago are still in a state of perfect preservation. Part of the ancient art lay a religious creed. The ancient Egyptian believed that after many thousands of years the soul came back to find its body and that if it was not found the soul wandered forever in misery and wretchedness; hence it was absolutely necessary to preserve the body, and hence, finally, the embalmer's art.—New York American.

Mr. John Boykin, of Dalzell, spent Saturday in town.

PRESS AGENT'S DOPE GOES.

Failure Marks Effort to Convict Man-
ager for Advertising "World's
Greatest Aviators."

Savannah, Ga., April 24.—Failure marked the effort of postoffice inspectors to bring J. S. Berger before the United States court on the charge of using the mails to defraud, for advertising the aviators under his management as the "world's greatest aviators" when United States Commissioner Hewlett dismissed the last of three cases against Berger, late today. A feature of the last hearing was the statement by Postoffice Inspector Britten that a letter and some newspapers had been taken from the mails to aid the government in its case, which included charges against David J. Lawrence and Louis Berger, who also were freed.

South Carolina Cattle.

The cattle market in South Carolina has been recognized by the larger cattle markets of the world, which is illustrated by the following story appearing in the Breeder's Gazette, the most authoritative publication of its nature in the United States:

"Much has been said and written of the possibilities of beef-making in the middle South, but prophecy of increased production in that region has shown little indication of making good. The cotton region has been a buyer of northern dressed beef in a moderate way and of Chicago-made hog product in enormous quantities. Possibly the tide has turned, as straws going in that direction are to be found floating on the surface of the trade stream.

"Two weeks ago a buyer for one of the Chicago beef concerns, which also operates a large slaughter plant in New York known as the 'S. S.' was missed from his accustomed beat on the market and simultaneously that concern curtailed its purchasing of cheap light cattle. The market is so sensitive under present conditions that the elimination of even one buying interest is promptly felt, and bovine rubbish was a dull proposition while this house was out. When the buyer referred to returned the fact leaked out that he had been down in South Carolina picking up several thousand little southern cattle that had been fed on meal and hulls during the winter. They averaged 1,075 pounds and were shipped to New York for slaughter. The man who s-cured them ascertained that the feeders were northern men in every instance, and that in four counties in South Carolina about 8,000 of these little southern steers had been fattened during the winter, the bulk of them being bought to go to New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Every steer raised in that quarter made competition for the corn belt feeder, as eastern buying at Chicago was curtailed to that extent.

"J. D. Huffman, a Chicago cattle buyer, recently made a trip through the east, visiting the Virginias, the Carolinas, Tennessee and Florida, and his prediction is that the whole region will be in the beef-making business hereafter. Northern farmers are migrating south. The old-fashioned southern method of fertilizing with cottonseed meal is repugnant to the northerner, as its savors of waste, and he gets double action by passing it through the steer.

"The result has been a rapid appreciation in values, and the stuff that 'comes out of the bush' has been fed instead of rustling. Oxen have been relieved of wearing the yoke and have been used for beefing purposes, and mules substituted. It is a development most conspicuous in the Carolinas and Virginia, but it is to be detected everywhere. The southeast enjoys the advantage of being comparatively close to eastern markets, and it has a climate that renders the growing of stock cattle easy were it not for the handicap of the tick. With northern energy behind it, the beef-producing industry of the south promises to become a serious competitor of the corn belt feed lot."

There were over 15,000 cattle fed in South Carolina last year for the market. This was the result of a campaign commenced two years ago by the State department of agriculture.

The Breeders' Gazette, commenting editorially on meat production in the South, says that the South has not been a country of stockmen and that it is only just beginning to raise meat-producing animals.

That Annapolis snobbish case seems to be one of the not-guilty-but-don't-let-it-happen-again-kind. — Indianapolis News.

The first robin was again compelled to perch next to an electric.—Washington Star.

All love is sweet
Given or returned. Common as light
Is love,
And its familiar voice wears not
—Shelley.